ENFORCED ABLUTIONS.

A Connecticut Hermit Bathed By the Board of Health.

Over in the town of Clinton, a few miles east of here, says the Boston *Globe*, there exists a character as strange in his way as "the leather man," or any other of Connecticut's freaks. Jabez Hurd is his name, and Jabez is a hermit. He was at one time in very comfortable circumstances as Connecticut farmers go, and may be now for all any one knows of him or his affairs. But Jabez does not believe in the cardinal principle that cleanliness is next to godliness. Some of his neighbors do, however, and that is how it came about the other day that he was given a bath by Clinton's Board of Health.

There's a bit of romance in Jabez' life, and that romance was what led up to his becoming the hermit that he is. Many years ago he met and loved a handsome young widow, who, so say the Clinton folks, was far and away handsomer than any woman who had ever lived in Clinton. He courted the widow, and as he was a good-looking man himself, he won her. That was where he made the mistake of his life, so say his friends. With married life trouble began, for the widow with the pretty face and the perfect form turned out to be a perfect shrew, and she made Jabez' life a burden. He couldn't tame her by ordinary methods, and was averse to trying the heroic measures resorted to by Petruchio, as reported by one W. Shakspeare some years ago. She ruled the roost with an iron hand, and made her husband understand perfectly that she was the senior and ruling member of their marital partnership.

Jabez stood this sort of thing as long as he could well do so, and then, finding life with a shrew wasn't worth living, he deserted her. He chose for his home the commodious barn belonging to his brother, refusing that brother's offer of a home in his ample house, and made the well-filled hay-mow of the barn his bed. For a long time he kept out of sight of every one, and maintained, as he has since continued to do, absolute reticence about his affairs. He would hold verbal communication with no one, but by a written message expressed a willingness to eat of the food from his brother's table if it was left in the barn for him. Every one in Clinton knew, of course, why Jabez had abandoned all the gayety of life in that town. There was no secret about that. In fact, it was talked about so much that the shrewish wife immediately left town, and just now no one knows just where she is.

Jabez' brother, after the life in the hay-mow had continued for some time, objected to that sort of thing. He tried to induce the hermit to return to a civilized form of life in his own house or that of his brother. But Jabez wouldn't listen to such appeals, and declined absolutely and with much vigor to leave the barn for a more comfortable home. Finally a proposition to build for him a cabin hut near the barn met with his approval, and he agreed to occupy it. So the hut was built, and there for several winters and summers Hurd has lived, refusing to hold communication with any one and apparently satisfied with the purely animal existence he passed. His meals were obtained from his brother's house. The victuals were left, however, just outside the kitchen door, and Jebez would sneak up from his hut, grab the food as if he were stealing it, and sneak back to his cabin and devour it.

That cabin wasn't the pink of neatness. On the contrary, it was exactly the opposite. So much the opposite, in fact, that it became a source of much annoyance to the good people of Clinton. Finally complaints about the hut and its equally dirty occupant were made to the Board of Health of the town, and they were asked to abate the one nuisance if possible and wash the other. The board, after due deliberation, for Jabez was a powerful man, decided to try and fumigate the hut and give Jabez a bath,

The absence from town of Jabez' brother, who had put up with so many years of his idiosyncrasies, gave the Board of Health an opportunity to get in their fine work recently, and they availed themselves of that opportunity. They went in a body to the pretty farm on which the objectionable hut was situated. But a consultation of war was held when they got there, and it was decided that the safest and surest way to capture the dirt-intrenched Jabez was to decend upon the hut as skirmishers. This plan was carried out, and, as the sequel shows, was successful. The advocates of cleanliness approached the hut from various directions, and at such rate of speed as would enable them to reach the hut at about the same instant. When the host descended on the hut they captured Jabez in all his filth, and immediately wished they hadn't done any thing of the kind. They had expected to find a nuisance, but the one they found surpassed any thing they had dreamed of or hoped for. The filth of years was there and Jabez was reveling in it.

Heroic measures were necessary, and they were taken. Jabez was made a prisoner, and then the Board of Health cleaned out the hut and fumigated it and chloride-of-limed it so that it should be a fitter place for Jabez to live in during the winter if he persisted in his determination to live there. That part of the job attended to, the board turned its combined attention to Jabez personally. They stripped him of the clothing he had worn continuously night and day for no one knows how long, and then at the house pump, with a liberal supply of soap and several scrubbing brushes, gave him the washing he so badly needed, and cleaned out the matted hair and beard that had known no brush or comb for years. Then they gave him new and clean clothing, and allowed him to return to his hut a cleaner but a no less soured and obstinate hermit than before.

The story of the washing of Jabez was quickly noised abroad throughout the town, and the action of the Board of Health was applauded by Clintonites generally. They knew there was no cruelty in it, for they knew that Jabez was not insane. He was simply obstinate and foolishly so, and determined to make every one about him uncomfortable simply because his shrew of a wife had made him so in years gone by. But Jabez' brother looked upon the action of his neighbors in complaining of Jabez as a nuisance and upon the action of the Board of Health as an impertinence. He stormed a great deal, did some threatening, and now he is going to get even with Clinton's Board of Health by suing them for malicious assault on Jabez, and for trespass on his grounds.

You May it You Choose.

A statement made by a wise man is, that "every honest man has a hobby." The man in question did not use these precise words, but they amount to the same in substance.

Every young man ought to have some particular study or pursuit (perhaps more than one), to which he devotes his spare time. Every man needs some such matter, and he is bound to have it. Should his desire in this direction be thwarted, it will find vent in some other way, and often does express itself in a manner not at all to the person's advantage.

A man who is always tinkering around, making something or other in the mechanical line, is never found spending his leisure hours in a gin mill or saloon. The young man whose hobby is study will be found at his books as soon as his day's work is done and supper is swallowed.

"The chap who has "music on the brain" will be puffing or scrapping his instrument early and late, and we almost wish this one would quit his hobby and relegate himself to the rumshop.

Many young men ride a mechanical hobby, and are often building experimental machines, and making "young" steam engines. To such men, electricity posesses a most enticing field. There is no end to the directions in which thought may be profitably turned in connection with electricity.

Well developed as it is, electricity is as yet an almost unknown thing, which will require lifetimes of study to reduce to the full understanding of all. Electricity is the future power of the world, as it has always been its life, although unknown and uncomprehended for ages.

That a young man will waste hours and days of his life in doing worse than nothing, when he has such a field before him, is scarcely to be comprehended, but it is a disgraceful fact. Let the young men awake to the idea that the advance of the world depends upon them psrsonally; that the years to come may be better or worse as they choose to study or to idle, and it seems as if they would quit beer-drinking, dice shaking and card shuffling, instantly to avail themselves of the privileges before them.

A man may be about what he makes himself nowadays, and if he chooses to become a sot the way is open. If he chooses to become a power in the land, he can do so by going to work in that direction and keeping at it.—*American Cultivator.*

In the Trapezium!

The great Lick telescope is at work. A late report from San Francisco says that a few nights ago Captain Floyd and others were looking at the constellation Orion, when he detected a little star in the trapezium, which is in the sword of Orion. Mr. Clark, on looking, also said that he saw the star. No star has ever before been seen in the trapezium.

This is important, but it would be interesting to know what this star was doing in somebody's trapezium—how it got into such a place, and how it is going to get out. As "no star has ever before been seen in the trapezium," it is clear that this one was on a lark. No such a telescope as the great Lick had ever before been turning its dark-lantern on that suburb of the heavens. Hitherto no policeman had been on that beat after dark. The star was no doubt unprepared for such a raid, and was making a night of it. In a moment of thoughtless hilarity and jubilation it had gone into the trapezium where no star had ever been before. Most likely that was the very reason he got there—to show that he could. The trapezium will no doubt be cleaned and repaired immediately, and the offense will not be repeated for the credit of the family of the delinquent, which has always stood high.—*Chicago Times.*

THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

Dr. Talmage on the Platform—Oratorical Powers of the Noted Preacher.

The first object that strikes the visitor to the Brooklyn Tabernacle is the immense organ. Promptly at 7:15 o'clock the organist runs his fingers over the ivory keys, and plays two or three selections. At the exact moment of 7:30 Dr. Talmage walks on the platform. His black broadcloth frock coat is thrown open. A turned down collar encircles his neck, and a black tie covers his snowy shirt front. He drops into a blue plush chair, and a moment is spent in prayer. Then he adjusts his glasses to his eyes and opens his Bible. The organ peals forth "Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow." A stout, well built man steps on a small platform and waves his right hand. In his left he holds a silver cornet. This he puts to his mouth and leads the vast audience in song. There is no choir or quartette in the Tabernacle. The singing is entirely by the congregation. After this Dr. Talmage steps forward. The peal of the organ has hardly died away before he announces his Bible reading. He holds the good book in his right hand, close to his face. His left hand steals around to his back and clutches nervously at his coat tail. He begins in a well rounded but not musical voice. The vast audience is hushed in expectancy. The fall of a pin could be heard. Slowly the preacher proceeds. It is the ever delightful story of Ruth that he has selected. He reads sentence after sentence, and in a conversational way injects comments until the old story, that all the world has laughed and cried over, is invested with a new light and a new meaning. After this another hymn and then the collection. As the pennies, dimes and quarters jingle musically together in the collection boxes the cornetist plays again. The great church is by this time full to overflowing. There isn't standing room anywhere. Massive chandeliers light up the building perfectly, and the stained glass windows make a pretty and effective background.

Then the sermon begins. The preacher comes down to the front of the platform without notes or even a book in his hand. He doesn't use a table or pulpit. He stands alone. Every eye is on him. He gives out his text in a clear, loud, ringing voice, and repeats it twice. He usually begins the sermon by a hasty-word picture of the scene where the text is laid, or by an anecdote. The sermon lasts forty minutes. It is full of vigor and earnestness. Indeed, that is the chief characteristic of Talmage on the platform. He is in earnest. He talks quickly, nervously. He paces up and down the platform, and now tells a story in a low, sweet voice, and again he belches forth like Vesuvius, and makes the chandeliers rattle with the sound of his voice. At times he is intensely humerous. Again he has the audience in tears. Again, he is so dramatic that the conviction forces itself upon you that if he had taken to the stage instead of the pulpit he would have made a great actor.

"What words did the Master use when the winds and waves lashed Galilee into a fury?" he shouts.

He steps back a half dozen feet, and for a moment there is silence. Then he comes rushing down the platform like a torounado until he reaches the very edge. His hands are uplifted. He turns his face to the ceiling until his mouth is on a straight line with his ears, and in a pleading voice says, softly, musically: "Peace!"

Quick as a flash his hands come down His face has lost its sweetness. His voice is changed and harsh, and the sentence is completed by an awful an intensely dramatic yell: "Be still!" It is the voice of authority. Galilee is stilled. There are "Oh's" in the audience, and a man in a pew in front of me leans over to his companion and whispers: "I never understood the meaning of that sentence before."

The vast audience never loses interest. It is an audience made up fully two-thirds of men between the ages of 25 and 35. They belong to all walks in life. Some are students, others are actors and playwrights, young ministers, bankers, brokers, lawyers and storekeepers. They laugh at the anecdotes, and they cry and listen reverently, tenderly, to the manly pleading to come to Jesus.—*Foster Coates, in New York Mail and Express.*

Puss Remembered an Old Trick.

"It was a white cat, "said a townsman last night, "and every one in the family thought a great deal of it. It was considered a knowing cat—one of those felines quite capable of taking care of No. 1. One day it was missing. Great was the grief, especially of the children. Just five years afterward that cat came back to the house. It was first seen walking on a stone wall, as it had often been seen walking there before it so mysteriously disappeared. It recognized members of the family and purred with great satisfaction. Some one suggested that after all it might be another cat, and a test was made which proved it was the same one. The original cat had been taught to open one of the doors by jumping up and striking the latch with his paws. Puss was put in the room and the door closed. In a few minutes it was heard to strike the latch. The door opened and the cat walked out."—*Kingston (N. Y.) Freeman.*

Cure for the Opium Habit.

There can be little doubt that much of the distress resulting from abstinence from an accustomed stimulant, whatever it be, is due to imagination, and in some cases victims of the habit have cured themselves by the exertion simply of a strong determination to take no more. In a large number of cases, however, the indulgence has produced a complete paralysis of will power, and then some method of judicious medical treatment is necessary, although even then success does not always follow. An account of the ingenious mode of effecting the cure of a long-indulged opium habit is given in *The Medical World* by Dr. R. H. Dalton. The patient was first allowed for a week to take her usual quantity of morphine in the form of a mixture containing also five drops of nux vomica and one quarter of a grain of quinine in each dose, and colored with tincture of lavender. Then for twenty weeks the amount of morphine was lessened every seven days one twentieth, and, at the same time, the tincture was increased one drop and the quinine by one-quarter grain at each change until the morphine was left entirely out. In the meantime, however, the quinine was not augmented after the ninth week, but ten drops of elixir of vitriol added to each dose taken afterward. The diminution of morphine was minute and gradual, the taste being the same, the patient was unable to detect any change whatever during the four months' treatment. As soon as Dr. Dalton became satisfied that the habit was entirely in the mind, he announced that she had not taken a particle of morphine for two weeks. As soon as she understood this the spell was broken and she wanted no more morphine; her health had become very much improved, and her gratitude seemed unbounded. Dr. Dalton says that if recourse to stimulants be prevented during the curing of the opium habit any physician may be successful with this plan.—*British and Colonial Druggist.*

Backwoods Wisdom.

The smartest boy at school ain't allers the steadiest hand at work.

Good looks ain't no recommendation. A ugly cow gives as much milk as a purty one.

"Don't say a man's a fool 'cause he don't think like you do. P'raps it's you instid o' him.

Hit ain't a easy matter ter git over a life time prejudice. A old dog learns new tricks mighty slow.

A heap o' people 'd rather live in town than in the country. They don't have ter git up so airly ter see the circusses come in.

Follerin' the fashion is sorter like tryin' ter catch a runaway hoss. The head o' the percession allers disappearin' 'round a corner.

The money what's locked up in the chist is sorter like blood. Ef hit don't cirklate hit works a injury ter them what has it.

The man what allers has his hands in his pockets has a tarnation good excuse. He never hits his thumb with a hammer when he orter be drivin' nails.

With cold weather comes hog killin' time, an' then everybody's hungry for fresh meat. Them what hain't got no hogs ter kill goes visitin', an' one pore little shote is soon gone.—*Goodall's Sun.*

A Long Way for Nothing.

The crowd was talking on the subject of traveling on passes, cheap rates, etc.

"Well," remarked Maj. Stofah, when there came a lull, "I went from Washington clear to San Francisco once for nothing."

"The walking must have been good that year," suggested Roberts.

"I rode all the way in a Pullman," said the major, with a smile.

"Did you have a pass?" asked Chambers.

"No pass."

"You knew all the conductors, perhaps," said Leachman.

"Didn't know a soul," replied the major, lighting an O. P. cigar.

"Then how in thunder did you make it?" asked Knott, who was anxious to get a low rate west.

"Easiest thing in the world," responded the major, coolly. "I had a sweetheart in Frisco, and I went out to marry her. When I got there, I found she had already married another fellow, and if you don't call that going to San Francisco for nothing, you may have this $15 suit I've got on, for 10 cents, half cash and the balance at ninety days."—*Washington Critic.*

Three of a Kind.

Three things to love—Courage, gentleness, affectionateness.

Three things to admire—Intellectual power, dignity, gracefulness.

Three things to hate—Cruelty, arrogance, ingratitude.

Three things to reverence—Religion, justice, self-denial.

Three things to wish for—Health, a cheerful spirit, friends.

Three things to like—Cordiality, good humor, mirthfulness.

Three things to suspect—Flattery, puritanism, sudden affection.

Three things to avoid—Idleness, flippant jesting, loquacity.

Three things to govern—Temper, impulse, the tongue.

Three things to be prepared for—Decay, change, death.

Cheating a Coal-Dealer.

Bluffkins—See here, Bluffers. You asked me this morning what I'd charge for enough coal to start a fire in your room.

Bluffers—Yes.

"You said your stove was no bigger than a water-cooler, and I answered 5 cents."

"That was right."

"Right! Great Scott! man. You have nearly emptied my coal bin."

"Well, I had to."

"For a stove no bigger than a water-cooler?"

"Yes—a depot water-cooler."—*Omaha World.*

THE FIRE OF HOME.

I hear them tell of far-off climes,
And treasures grand they hold—
Of minster walls, where strained light falls
On canvas, rare and old.
My hands fall down, my breath comes fast
But ah, how can I roam!
My task I know, to spin and sew,
And light the fire of home.

Sometimes I hear of noble deeds,
Of words that move mankind;
Of willing hands that to other hands
Bring light to the poor and blind;
I dare not preach, I cannot write,
I fear to cross the foam.
Who, if I go, will spin and sew,
And light the fire at home?

My husband comes, as the shadows fall,
From the fields with my girl and boy,
His loving kiss brings with it bliss
That has no base alloy.
From the new plowed meadow, fresh and brown,
"Heart, do not fret, 'tis something yet
To light the fire at home."

Ventilation of Stables.

The necessity of pure air is as urgent for a horse or a cow as a human being, and it is a fact that the wants of animals in this particular are quite as frequently disregarded. In some respects brute animals have the advantage; in others human beings have. The stables of brutes are seldom made as tight, as exclusive of external air, as the dwelling of man, and they do not have such exhausters of oxygen and manufacturers of carbonic acid gas as stoves to corrupt and poison the atmosphere they breathe. But then, on the other hand, they stand and lie in their own excrements and are forced to breathe the ammonia and other mephitic gases rising therefrom. Besides this, a horse or cow, having much larger lungs and consuming much greater volumes of oxygen, exhausts the vital properties of the atmosphere much more rapidly.

There is another consideration too generally disregarded in constructing stables for farm animals, and that is the placing of the haymow before or above the animals so that the fodder receives their breath with all the impure exhalations of the lungs. Few stop to think that there can be anything wrong in this, yet there can be little doubt that the quality and healthfulness of the hay is greatly affected in in this way.

The question of the proper ventilation of human habitations, and especially of school rooms, churches and lecture rooms, has always been a perplexing one, and is far from being settled now after years and centuries of discussion. How to expel the vitiated air and admit pure air, without, at the same time, admitting a dangerous draft, has been the source of perplexity. We know that a portion of the emanations from the lungs and skin is lighter than the atmosphere, carburetted and sulphuretted hydrogen, rising to the upper part of the rooms or stable, and another portion, carbonic acid gas, is heavier, sinking to the lower part; how shall ventilators be arranged so as to conduct the vitiated air from both the upper and the lower levels? These questions are much more easily asked than answered. A perfect system of ventilation is yet to be devised.—*Practical Farmer.*

Governing Children.

Do not make many promises to your children; but when made, keep them.

Do not notice every little fault and reprove it. How would you like it yourself?

Cultivate courage and self-reliance in children, so that when older they will not dread responsibilities.

Maintain a harmony of development between the body and brain, so that neither shall out-grow the other.

Be firm, yet gentle, when necessary, and insist on obedience to all commands; but never ask what is unreasonable or impossible.

Do not expect perfection. A child is an undeveloped creature, beautiful as a budding rose, but it cannot do everything well any more than its parents can.

Children should not too frequently be ordered to do thus and so. When necessary they may, however, be commanded. Ordering children about hurts their self-respect. Commanding them, as a dignified officer does his army, cultivates it.

Praise may and ought to be used on all proper occasions. The expression, "That is well done," is a tonic to the mind of the child as well as the adult. Children often starve for honest, deserved praise. Never fail to bestow it. It is one of nature's aids. The parent who never praises a child, does wrong.

"Some" Oratory.

There is a rattle-brained republican orator over here whom they call Windy Billy, and a gentleman who heard one of his orations told me he heard him say: "Fellow-citizens, I had a violent headache last night, and couldn't make any preparation, so I will have to address you externally.

"Fellow-citizens, when Columbus discovered America and landed on Plymouth Rock he proclaimed all men equal, disrespective of color, while, at the same time, old Virginia put her foot on the neck of a nigger and exclaimed, 'Sic semper tyrannis.' But, my colored friends, before you shall be disrefranchised of your right to vote in this land of liberty the blood that coerces in the veins of four million of freemen shall coagulate on North Carolina's soil. Great is Dinah and the Ephesians, but greater still is the power of a full ballot and a free count." There are some orators over here as well as over in north Georgia.—*Bill Arp, in the Atlanta Constitution.*

Her Brand.

"The smoke from that cigar is very offensive," said a lady to her husband.

"My dear it is of the finest brand of imported cigars."

"That may be, but you know you are a married man and should not smoke imported cigars in the presence of your wife."

"Well, what kind of a cigar would be appropriate for for me to smoke when I come home?"

"Domestic' my dear," replied the lady.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

Friendship's Broken Ties.

Many of us have lost all traces of an old friend for years. Perhaps the estrangement had its origin in some trifling misunderstanding so utterly time-dimmed now, that memory refuses to call it back clearly. But our conscience, if we felt any twinge whatever at the separation, is lulled into a state of listless rest or careless neglect, with some such assurances as these: Some day we shall again meet. Fate will lead us to cross each other's paths sometimes, as we stray adown life's vast valley. Opportunity will then be afforded us to talk over our little misunderstanding, to explain away all tangles, and brush from our pathway the cobwebs of broken trust overshadowing that pleasant old time loyalty of esteem. We shall then, hand in hand, revert to the past, and tell each other why we did this, or why we said that. Our old happy relations, so long obstructed, will again be re-established and will yet enable us to add many rose tinted pages to the closing chapters of our life's great volume.

It is not a small matter to allow a gulf of estrangement to open between two hearts that have long beaten with friendship for each other. Pride, or indifference, it may be, keeps us drifting further and further apart. But we place an utmost faith in time bringing us together at last. So we wait not impatiently, but with a vague sort of certainity, for that meeting to occur. Shockingly abruptly some one will announce to us: "Indeed! have you not been informed yet? Why, so and so died over a year ago." The news may not provoke tears. Perhaps we may not heed it scarcely, at first. But in the solemn hush of night, with the sleeping world around us—so like awful mysterious death—our thoughts reach out to that one who will never come again.

Dead! Slumber is set to flight effectually by the train of thought that word conjures up.

Dead! Then we shall see each other no more. The meeting we have long anticipated will never be. Too late for explanations now. No reconciliation can take place now. Forever it must remain as it is.' For

"A golden chord is severed,
And our hopes in ruin lie."

A thousand vain regrets clamor. Why did we never write? One line, the simple work "Forgive" might have cemented those broken ties. Why did we not exert ourselves to bring about a meeting? Now, alas! forever too late! Oh, cruel Neglect! that has allowed this bitter void.

The years have flown most rapidly since we drifted apart. We are so much older! The lost friend's face rises before us as it has not done in years. Some distinctive action of eye or lip that we have forgotten, or some peculiar habit of speech, perhaps comes back to us through the vista of memory. And now how suddenly dear our friend has become! We start up as if to clasp the long impressed hand. Death has reared his icy barriers and we may not. Nevermore! We realize that all is over between us. Like two sprigs of myrtle dropped on a turbid stream—we are swept apart forever here. Will there be a reconciliation accorded us *up there?*

Appreciate friendship while ye may. For friendship's ties once severed, life's brevity, time's never-pausing flight, and the harshness of circumstances, are all antagonistic to a reunion.—*Prof. Ad. H. Gibson in St. Louis Magazine.*

The Life of a Convict.

"The study of human nature," said Principal Keeper Patterson, of the state penitentiary of Trenton, N. J., to a reporter, in the lobby of the National hotel last night, "inside prison walls is more interesting than pleasant. The class of human beings one comes in contact with is usually so depraved and hardened that it oftentimes surprises even those accustomed to the life. We believe our system to be as good as any in existence, and yet we are not as severe in some ways as the people of the Eastern penitentiary."

"Are there not a number of criminals sent you who instead should go to asylums? Do you not have many cranky characters to contend with?"

"Well, we do in a certain sense. Criminals are, as a rule, one-sided characters; their moral character, is so to speak, lop-sided. But it is not the men who go into the prisons that are mentally unbalanced; it is those who come out. The fact is, a man who serves a five or even a three year's sentence out, is apt to leave the penitentiary unsound in mind, if not in both body and mind. Imagine, for instance, the life they lead, day in and day out. To the mess room in the morning, where they can not say a word to anyone; to the workshop for the day, where talking is strictly forbidden; to the mess room again for supper, where the same order is enforced; and then to solitary confinement in their cells, where there is no one to talk to. Think of it. Such a life for years! Is it not enough to drive a man insane? Why, man alive, you can not realize it; but the percentage is simply frightful of those who go to jail strong in both mind and body and who come out wrecks in one or both."—*Washington Post.*

Very Like His Pa.

He was the son of a worthy Chicagoan, and he had just returned from college. The father was a brusque, matter-of-fact man, who had no liking for anything dudish, and he noticed with sorrow that his son returned with bangs and various other insignia of dudedom. The old gentleman surveyed him critically when he appeared in the office, and then blurted out:

"Young man, you look like a fool."

Just at that moment, and before the young man had time to make a fitting reply, a friend walked in.

"Why, hello George, have you returned?" he asked. "Dear me, how much you resemble your father."

"So he has just been telling me," replied the youth. And from that day to this the old gentleman has found no fault with bangs.—*Chicago Rambler.*